

United States Judge of this District, and John Lowell, one of the most efficient and active men of the period, leading and zealous in the promotion of every wise, noble and good object. With their aid and under their auspices the plan of this institution was traced, an act of incorporation was obtained, and on the 7th of April, 1807, the Proprietors of the Boston Atheneum organized themselves into a large politic and corporate according to the provisions of their charter; all the officers being elected out of the members of the Anthology Club, excepting only the officers of President, Vice President and Treasurer, which were filled, respectively, by the three distinguished gentlemen above named. A subscription of one hundred and fifty shares, at three hundred dollars each, was speedily effected; and on this foundation, somewhat exceeding in amount forty-two thousand dollars, the Boston Atheneum commenced its career of activity and usefulness.

Mr. Quincy next enumerates the liberal donations that have enabled the friends of this enterprise to carry it forward. These have been made at different periods. In consequence of the last he says:

The institution has advanced annually and regularly—its library enlarging; its statutory and works of art multiplying—its property increasing, until, through the progress of population and commerce, its local position became incompatible with its objects and usefulness; when—through large subscriptions, excited by the desire of providing for it a better locality—through the union above mentioned of the libraries and funds of other Societies; through the establishment of a perpetual fund for the increase of its library, by the noble munificence of one of our native citizens, John Bromfield, the Boston Atheneum, feeble in its origin, humble and restricted in its resources, numbers in alcoves upwards of thirty-seven thousand volumes, possesses a valuable collection of paintings, statuary, and other works of art, and a property, real and personal, exceeding in value three hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars.

Under circumstances such as prosperous and auspicious we meet this day to lay the cornerstone of this edifice. May it rise in architectural solidity and beauty!—an ornament of our city; an honor to its proprietors! May it fulfil all the hopes and aspirations of its projectors, early founders, and successive patrons! May it become a library of all that is rare and valuable in the ancient and modern languages!—a store-house of the collected fruits of the wisdom of all ages and nations! May it be an abode for the fine arts; a home for sculpture and painting, where each may find models to imitate and patrons to encourage and reward them!

THE REFLECTOR.

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1847.

Devotion to First Truths.

Principles never change. Circumstances may modify, or sophistry obscure them.—A thousand things may bear the semblance of truth; a thousand cases occur in which truth is artfully mixed with error. Still principles themselves never change.

There is blended in this truth interest and majesty, encouragement and inspiration.—To the law of mutation and decay prevailing around us, God has made principles an exception. Governments change, kingdoms pass away, the colossal powers of earth crumble to dust, the countenance of man is changed, and he, with all his generation, is sent hence to mingle in other scenes, but principles, like so many elements of the eternal throne, remain unaltered and unalterable.

The clear perception of this truth is all important. A fierce struggle has ever been going on in the world, to change the character of truth and of man's relations to it. Depravity, through a process of centuries, has worked out the result of giving a fearful prominence to other things than principle. Man contrives a thousand excuses, and flees into multifarious refuges, as if afraid to stand on the naked rock of truth, and there bide whatever storm earth can send upon him.—He has confidence. But alas! it is often in the appliances of accommodation, in politic expedients, in the evasion of a truthful conclusion and application. Hence, it has become not uncommon to speak of first principles as abstractions, as if they were not the most important essences in the universe.—Abstractions are generally esteemed worthless things. But if principles which underlie most essentially the government alike of God and man, be mere abstractions—strata that are out of sight and useless—then is the condition of man and of the universe a drama indeed.

But such philosophy, however worldly wise and popular, we cast away. It is fit only to rot into contempt. As well might we denominate God himself, with reverence be it said, an abstraction! And because above us, and intolerable in his purity, as well might we declare of Him that he is neither to be regarded nor feared. As well might we seek for all manner of expedients to explain away or obscure the truth of his existence and authority. When we cease to cherish confidence in first truths, or when we substitute for them our own devisings, we in the most direct manner do this. The Lord God is a God of truth and righteousness, and when we cease to love truth and righteousness in their own changeless essence, we no longer cleave to him.

There is a fearful antagonism of influences in the world now, as in all times past, opposing itself to principles, and paying its first and constant homage on the altar of earth-born expediency. Men are ever, in various ways, declaring that they cannot confide in the simple truth. They become, in consequence, more ingenuous in evading it than ingenuous in meeting and applying it. In our own country, for example, those who do not array themselves in the strength of mighty principle against a great system of unrighteousness that seeks to overshadow the land, must, in some way or other, plead not for the truth but against it. There is no escape from such an alternative, as it is becoming every day more and more developed. So far, too, both at the North and at the South, as pleases and extenuations usurp the place of humanity and truth, the current of thinking and moral sentiment in the land becomes corrupted.

When this is done, a penalty equally fearful to religion and to the social state, is incurred. God can visit no greater curse on society, than an absolute distaste for truth.

Piety and virtue equally die out from the land, when moral opposites are confounded, when bitter is made sweet and sweet is made bitter. How far influences are at work, which, unless receiving an effectual check, must eat out the moral sense of the land, and cause the present and coming generations to foreswear allegiance to God and truth, it is given no one to declare. Present aspects in this direction look ominous.

Let us remember that if we dethrone truth, and depart from God, either a community or nation, we shall seek in vain to repair our wanderings, except as we return unto him, and follow again in his ways. Never can the combined wisdom and genius of earth succeed in changing the moral laws and appointments of Jehovah.

New York Editorial Correspondence.

New York, May 6.

It is quite time, doubtless, that the series of letters from the editor abroad be interrupted, and their place supplied, temporarily at least, with the more solid and varied contributions of men who sit down to think. The object of the traveller is to see, but the well-balanced newspaper, like the well-balanced head, must be stored with thoughts, as well as facts. Such indeed, we need not say, has been the character of the 'Reflector'; all, therefore, that we now propose, is, that observation and reflection change places, the latter taking the lead.

But there is another reason why we should defer, for a season, our foreign correspondence. We are now on the eve of a long series of religious anniversaries, comprehensive reports of which will demand a large share of our columns. Till these are over, the contents of some uncompleted articles may well be left in *status quo*. They were written beneath the refreshing shades of a climate about as unlike this, as an orange is unlike a snowball; a climate so harmless and yet so invigorating, to such as we are, that when we set sail for the land we love, we imagined we could inhale with impunity even those cold winds which at this season of the year sweep along the rocky coast of New England, and up through all the avenues of those eastern cities. But the illusion has fled. We have found out (and before reaching Boston, too,) that we were dreaming. Our pulmonary organs are not sufficiently healthy and strong for airs so changeable and chilly. Yet we are happy to assure our kind, indulgent friends, that we are not greatly disheartened, however much we are disappointed. We certainly have better health at this date than we had one year ago.

No one, we are sure, will be surprised at our early return who has tried the experiment of a similar absence, for as great a length of time. If the love of country and home be a weakness, then, confessedly, we are weak. We met with every kind attention from the sons, the brothers, the friends who we had an irrepressible desire to be 'homeward bound.' We felt the cordial politeness and generosity of those gentlemen we owe much, and as they keep the best houses in the country, we respectfully ask our friends to cancel our debt by becoming their more profitable guests when they shall visit these cities.

New York, May 7th.

Since our arrival in this great metropolis, our time has been divided between books and friends, and some of the former have delighted us almost as much as the latter. Mr. Carter has kindly presented us with a copy of 'The Genius of Scotland,' by our special friend, the Rev. R. Turnbull; and we cannot forbear to say that its perusal has afforded us unexpected entertainment. The subjects, the scenes, the portraits, are brought out with wonderful truthfulness and brilliancy. The stories are often exceedingly touching, and the quotations just such as the scholar and poet will every where be delighted to read and preserve. The book is so written as to be scarcely less interesting to Americans than to natives of the land it celebrates. We are not surprised that a second edition is already on sale. It is refreshing to find a literary book written on religious principles and in a Christian spirit. How thrilling are Mr. Sketches of the John Browns! Over these, as over many other pages, we shed involuntary tears.

We have also been presented with the Review of Drs. Wayland and Fuller on slavery, by Mr. Hague. It is a little book, which will be read through at one sitting, and with absorbing interest. Some have spoken of it as mainly an eloquent appeal, but to us it seems a simple and plain exposition of a great and evident truth—a truth which in modern times even the most discriminating and truth-loving have too much overlooked. We have no doubt that the principles of Christianity in the primitive church were reduced to practice. The review is eloquent to be sure, but only so as earnest thoughts uttered with the spirit in which they are conceived, are eloquent. Those who expect to find a review fashioned after most of the controversial reviews of this age, will be disappointed. It has no sarcasm, no abuse, no depreciation of the merits of the work examined, but the style is throughout unexceptionably kind and manly. It shows the opposition of the Bible to slavery with increased clearness and power.

Perhaps this notice of some of the books we have read may not improperly be attended with a designation of some of the friends we have found. None, however, would be served by a public acknowledgment except the proprietors of the Croton Hotel in New York, and the Mansion House in Brooklyn. To the cordial politeness and generosity of those gentlemen we owe much, and as they keep the best houses in the country, we respectfully ask our friends to cancel our debt by becoming their more profitable guests when they shall visit these cities.

Party versus Principle and Philanthropy.

The expressions of the National Era which are copied below, meet with our most hearty concurrence. Our growing conviction is, that all true Christians will best stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, as they refuse the trammels of any party whatsoever. There is great danger, as the Eng. intimates, of being better partisans than philanthropists.'

'There is a host, of every kind, the pride, Beloved by Heaven o'er all the earth beside; Where brighter suns dispense serener light, And mildest mornings dispense the night;—A host of every kind, peace and truth, Time-tuoted age, and love-exalted youth. There is a spot of earth supremely blest, And there is a spot of earth supremely lost, Where man, creation's master, casts aside His sword and sceptre, pugnacy and pride, And where the sons, the brothers, the friends, Who sit in the sun, the brother, brother friend. Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found? Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around! O, where shall I find 'er thy footings stand? That land thy country, and that spot thy home.'

Absence from one's country renders such sentiments doubly precious; indeed there can be but little respect for the man to whose feelings they are not *always* congenial. How well and eloquently does Walter Scott exclaim,

'Breathes there a man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said,

'This is my own, my native land!'

'Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned To feel the pulse of his country's wrongs,

'From whose tongue has never yet been strown a tear for his country's wrongs?'

'If such there be, go, mark him well; For he is not fit to be a leader for a nation;

'High though his title, or high his name;

'Heedless though his wealth, and self;

'The sons of his land, the sons of his birth,

'Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

'And, doubly dying, shall go down

'To the vile dust, from whence he was born,

'Unworn, unshamed, and unashamed?'

It is as refreshing to reach such country ours, when it is one's own, as it is inspiring to approach it. Here, on every hand, are such astonishing evidences of the industry and enterprise, the mental and moral power of the people, as fills a returning tourist with admiration. He was not before fully aware of the high rank in the human scale attained by Americans. To the institutions of religion,—to the education of the common people, the able and rough-shod boys of the mountains as well as the sons of the opulent and refined,—and to the keen penetration and indomitable vigor of the Anglo-Saxon race, America owes more than she can calculate—more than she apprehends. O, when shall her pure gospel supplant the superstitions of Mexico, and Hayti, and South America? Not until her sons enlist their energies for the eternal glory of Christ; they have done for the imaginary good of their country. Not until other than *caravans* weans are chosen for warfare, and the national character ceases to be stained with the stigma of slavery. Wide indeed is the field, and glorious the laurels to be won. But those who have enlisted for Christ are dismoring the Christian name by their unparable inefficiency and tardiness. The war they are prosecuting is one, to the support of which, the exhaustless resources of Heaven are committed, and yet how listless are their energies—how feeble are their undertakings!

It will be hardly proper for us, at this time, to recount the various incidents of our passage homewards. We had in all our journeys, pleasant travelling companions, and a greater degree than usual of physical comfort and cheerful spirits. At New Orleans, we met with many old friends, among whom were some from Boston; and had also an agreeable interview with the Rev. Mr. Hin-ton, who is preaching with his wonted vigor, and has now a well-filled chapel. At Cincinnati, we heard sermons from Mr. Magoun, at the Ninth Street Church, Dr. Paterson, and Prof. Robinson, who alternately supply the new church in Walnut Street, and Mr.

Shepardson, at the First church. This First church seems to have entered on a new and every muscle extended, every vein swollen. And what a *conservancy*! In it, masculine grandeur combines with the softest beauty. You see 'agay knit into the brows and frozen upon the lofty forehead.' You see resignation, patience, dreadful endurance, love. Men look at it in silence, and unbroken tears flow down their cheeks.

It is not the statue but the original, not the ideal, but the reality, who is designated the author of truth. We are preachers, not the ivory, but of the Christ who *lived*, and was dead. That great heart of tenderness beats in the centre of his kingdom, and that large eye of love is upon us. By generosity known only in heaven, he has become our Saviour. We are his friends, his disciples, his preachers. It is for him that we would seek to be eloquent! If a poor monk, intensely excited by the ideal, found sufficient motive in it to stimulate his incredible labors for years, till his ivory Christ was fashioned and presented to men, how should we labor earnestly, powerfully, justly to exhibit Christ, evidently set forth on errands of mercy? Then may she be a ministering angel to her new born child, watch over her every step till the invisible guardian is disclosed to the guarded in the New Jerusalem, safe from all the ills flesh is heir to.

There are other mothers in heaven, and some who have not as yet been found by their children. No news has reached their ear of the repentance of one of that number, each unfeigned to God, and for whom each one felt a special interest, and offered earnest prayer. But parents and children will all meet on the judgment day. Then comes the final doom. Who will be found on the right hand of the Judge? and who will be lost in eternity? so lost as never to find a friend, to be found by the betrayers and murderers of the Just One.

But why were they cut to the heart?

Who were thus deeply affected? Those whom the martyr Stephen declared to have been the betrayers and murderers of the Just One.

But why were they cut to the heart?

The language expresses an experiencing of the most poignant sensations, reaching to the very centre of emotion and of life. They had been charged with what was simply matter of fact. Many gloried that the country was now rid of him whom the voice of a rabble multitude had condemned to an impostor's and malefactor's death. Why then, when the fact is stated, should the multitude, as at Pentecost, under the preaching of Peter, be cut or pricked to the heart? Arresting, even by covert means, an impostor, who was fomenting sedition among the people, and putting him to death, would ordinarily be no occasion of just reprobation.

But notwithstanding this, the charge of betraying and murdering Jesus went straight to the heart, as a barbed or a burning arrow.

It was not an impostor whom they had slain, but the Just One—the holy child Jesus—he who came to be a new deliverer and lawgiver to Isreal.

There was deep conviction in that cutting to the heart. No such poignancy of feeling could have reached thus uttered with the spirit in which they are conceived, are eloquent.

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And where the sons, the brothers, the friends,

Who sit in the sun, the brother, brother friend.

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Or where shall I find 'er thy footings stand?

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The Family Circle.

For the Christian Reflector.

Lines of a Sailor to his Mother.

(Signed) Rev. P. Stow, in his recent Report of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society, has published the following to attention to a beautiful poem, written by a sailor to his mother, while on the hilly deck. The author of this poem is from the yard-arm in a short time after it was written, no more was heard of him, but, one whose dear remains the food mother can never shed the sympathetic, refreshing tear of affection. He was a young man of great promise, and soon, undoubtedly, would have arrived at the highest position of his employment.

I think of thee, mother, when each low, ringing seas,
As it sweeps' cross our seas, seems to whisper to me;
There is one whose and thoughts thou only can understand,
Then think of that one, O forget not thy mother.

I think of thee, too, when there's naught to be seen
Of the land I love best, and its bright sunny green;
When the mirror-like surface of the pure, crystal water
Reflects to thy fancy image, my mother.

And I oft think, too, when the bright sea's foam
Is sparkling amid the mermaid's dark home,
Of my sister's thanks for the return of a brother,
And the fond tears which shine in the eyes of my mother.

When the low voice of thunder and the hoarse winds I
hear;

Mid the bright lightning's flash, that illuminates the sphere,
My thoughts often tell me, of heart of another
Never possesses the feelings expressed by a mother.

In the bright, sunny land of the Italian's fair clime,
Mid beauty and splendor, I'd hasten the time
My voyage will be ended, and the house of another
I leave for the home that contains a fond mother.

I think of thee, mother, when hardship abounds,
When for o'er the seas, from dear loved friends,
Each voice of the sea-horror still summons to me,
O, think of thy mother! her prayer is for thee.

Should the dreams by fancy's conjectures prove false,
And some foreign enemy dash my poor life,
Were my sentence held forth in death's cruel grasp,
I would think of thee, mother, while life's moments last.

When our barges are embroiled in the dark shades of
the night;

As she seeks her rough path by the phosphoric light,
Of the wild, dancing waves that seem chasing each other,
My thoughts are all wandering to the home of my mother.

I think of thee always, though time is in flight;
Has taken thy home and thy form from my sight;
And though long, weary days of travel are mine,
My heart's mutations and thoughts are all time.

Touching Story.

The following beautiful and touching story was related by Dr. Schenck of Maryland, at a meeting lately held in New York, to hear the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

A drunkard who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfortunate home. He entered his empty hall—anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victim of his apostasy, his lonely wife and darling child. Morose and sullen he seated himself without a word; he could not speak, he could not look upon them.

The child, who could not the little fingers of her side, "Come, my child, it is time to go to bed;" and the little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiseled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother, "Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray." And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed, "Oh God! spare, oh spare my dear pa!"

That prayer was wasted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high—it was heard on earth. The responsive "Amen!" burst from that father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh.

Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, "My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge."

Affection.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart. Who would not rather bury his wife, than bury his love?

Who could not rather follow his child to the grave, than to his parent's affections? Cherish, then, your own dear affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness, God is love. Love God, love everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love, to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of every domestic culture to bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; to God, love to man.—Chambers' Journal.

Youth's Department.

For the Christian Reflector.

A Mother's Letter to her Little Daughter.

My dear Gazeafela—I overheard a little girl talking under my window the other day, and when what she said: "What a beautiful place! I have it much nicer than Laura Jones!" this voice was as fine, I guess I won't go with Laura Jones' now; her mother has to take in sewing, and she can't get such nice clothes as mine. Do you know who the little girl was that said this? Well, do I, and I was very sorry to hear it, and as I know my little daughter's tender heart would not wish to wound the feelings of any one, I am going to tell her a story, to show that little girls should never be proud. As it is long, I shall put only part in this letter.

Susan Leach, the Orphan.

Ella Jones and I are getting up a Sewing Society, mother," said Agnes Fisher, a young girl of ten or twelve years of age.

"A Sewing Society, my dear! why you belong to one already!" said her mother.

"I know it, mama, but we want a 'select society'—for Ella and I were counting at the last meeting, and there were no less than eleven girls there, who were either milliners' or dress-makers' girls, besides S. Leach who is really a kitchen girl. Ella Jones has such beautiful dresses, and her father is so proud of her, she would not associate with such as those, and has long been desirous, she says, to get up a select society, and she told me all about it, and asked me to join her; you are willing, are you not, mother?"

"No, my daughter, I am not willing that you should wound the feelings of any one; besides the motives which actuate Ella in this are quite unworthy of her.

"Why, mama? you have often forbid our associating with our kitchen girl, and I told Ella so, and that you would be willing."

"There is a great difference between setting down to listen to Bridget's silly stories about low life in Ireland, and sewing with sweet Susan Leach, who, because she is an orphan, has gone to reside with Mrs. R—, and whose sweet pale face, tells a sad, touching, other kind of a story, without her speaking a word."

"I do not wish my daughter to associate with those who will injure her modest manners, or corrupt her morals; but neither station, however humble, nor dress, can ever plain or poor, can do this. Susan Leach's station and dress, is all that is objectionable in even Ella Jones' eyes; and could she have seen Susan wash over her sick mother, for eight months as I saw her lay her head upon the pillow after night, be left, after all, a little orphan, along with her child—with no dear mother to care for, no near friend to whom she can go for comfort when such thoughts as Ella Jones would have—O could my daughter realize the situation of the poorer companion, I am sure she would never hurt her feelings by withdrawing so publicly from one who was once in a good circumstance as Agnes Fisher, or Ella Jones."

"No, no, dear mama"—said the worn-hearted Agnes, bursting into tears, "I would not hurt her for the world—indeed I told Ella I thought Susan looked sad, but she only laughed at me—I will go right off and tell Susan how sorry I am she has lost her dear mother, and I may ask her if I can do anything for her, may I not, mama?"

"Yes, dear, mama; and you can take her one of your little books to read, if you wish."

"O thank you, dear mama, so I will; and I will pick out a cheerful, pleasant one, full of stories"—and Agnes tripped up stairs, and selected a book, and then putting on her bonnet and shawl, set out for Susan's house.

The distance was set out for Susan's house.

She reached the house of the friend you once was in the garden of childhood. Susan was there in her heart, and a smile of Susan's misfortunes still rested on her cheek.

Her ring at the door was answered by Susan herself, who was holding a message from her mother to Mrs. R., was going to show her past, but Agnes spoke quickly, "No, Susan, I came to see you; mother, and I may ask her if I can do anything for her, may I not, mama?"

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Her ring at the door was answered by Susan herself, who was holding a message from her mother to Mrs. R., was going to show her past, but Agnes spoke quickly, "No, Susan, I came to see you; mother, and I may ask her if I can do anything for her, may I not, mama?"

"Yes, dear mama; and you can take her one of your little books to read, if you wish."

"O thank you, dear mama, so I will; and I will pick out a cheerful, pleasant one, full of stories"—and Agnes tripped up stairs, and selected a book, and then putting on her bonnet and shawl, set out for Susan's house.

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